

DIAMONDS AND GOLD.

A Tale of The Far West.

Within the den was all dark and quiet, and to impatient Hugh it now began to seem as the many long, tiresome hours were going past as though nothing after all would happen. Still, he thought it well to reconnoiter a bit ere giving up hope for the night.

So he carefully removed the triangular peep-hole, but he could see nothing; for although the rays from the recently risen, fast waning moon rendered the saloon itself light with a pale, ghost-like gleam, the obscurity within Macpherson's room was no wise relieved.

He was just about to replace the piece of wood, when he was conscious of a faint sound within the den, as if of some one cautiously stirring. Hugh never moved a muscle, but lay with the wood grasped in his fingers, hardly daring to breathe or stir.

By-and-by, Macpherson, apparently satisfied—for he had long ago found out his dependent to be a sound sleeper—put forth his hand, and slowly and carefully removed the shade of a covered lamp; for through the irregular crevices of the partition there shone, crack brightening after crack, the same faint radiance which, in the middle of the night, Hugh had already observed. And of course Macpherson was far too sharp to strike a match and thus risk making a noise that might have roused his man.

The lamp shade being now removed, and the little den made fairly aglow with light, the old man listened attentively once more; and then noiselessly knelt down beside his rude couch. By-and-by, he rose again with two objects in his hands, one a broad leathern belt, the other a small leathern bag. And now there came into the old fellow's face a look such as in Hugh's sight it had never worn before. As his aged hands, with trembling eagerness, untied the strings of the bag, and he dug his bony fingers in among the diamonds which filled it, there was in every feature an air of hungry greediness, of ghastly delight, that to the younger man would have seemed hateful, only that his own countenance, unconsciously, perhaps, began to reflect appearance almost similar.

After gazing at and toying with his treasure, Macpherson laid down the bag and took up the belt, and then with needle and thread, commenced patiently, slowly, and very carefully, to sew the precious stones into its soft lining. This was tedious work, partly because the old man's fingers found a housewife's implements not easy of management, partly because ever and anon he broke off from sewing to examine and caress some especially fine gem, or to feel lovingly through the lining the diamonds already securely fastened; and partly because a dozen times at least, he stayed his work to listen.

When this sort of thing had lasted a long while, Macpherson grew evidently wearied, he laid down needle and thread for the last time, gathered his materials together, knelt down, and fumbled once more about his bunk.

Belt and bag returned, and a bottle of whisky came forth instead. Very dearly did old Macpherson love his national beverage, but he feared it too, for too much whisky is apt to loosen a man's tongue, and will at times make a fool of even the wisest. Therefore, for all that he looked so lovingly, he hesitated too, held the bottle up to see how much it contained, put it back twice, took it out again, placed it to his lips, and drank.

"If," thought the eager watcher, "he would but get screwed now, and knock that lamp over, perhaps the whole building might get in a blaze, and then—" But no; Macpherson was no fool; he took only such a draught as seemed safe, hid away his bottle, turned out his lamp, and once more the "Eldorado" was plunged into the darkness of the night.

He slept; not so his man. Everlastingly the sheen of diamonds was before his eyes, while calculations as to their probable value perplexed his brain. These precious stones were evidently the hoard of many years, since in a mining country whenever a saving man, a product rare enough, is found, it is his practice, if he keeps no banking account, to change his gold dust into the more readily portable diamonds. And here were gems actually by the score together. If all that treasure were his own, Hugh thought, how easily he could re-turn to England in the character of a lucky miner, become the rest of his days a prosperous man, and hold up his head among the proudest of that moneyed class who make fortunes, Heaven knows how!

For several successive nights Hugh watched as long as he could keep awake, and during some part of most of them his perseverance was rewarded by the sight of Macpherson again bending over his leathern bag, and slowly and patiently sewing his diamonds into its soft lining.

"How can the old man do with so little sleep night after night, and yet in the morning show no trace of weariness?" thought Hugh, who felt himself growing haggard for want of rest. He forgot to take into consideration the fact that he often wasted hours of fruitless watching, while Sadie, self-trained by long habit, to wake at one particular time, wisely economized his strength by passing the remainder of the night in steady slumbers.

The leathern bag was gradually becoming empty and the belt as gradually growing thick with secreted wealth of gems; and meanwhile the mining season drew towards its close.

Could it be that the old man—fearful of incurring in the speedily approaching winter fresh and sharper attacks of rheumatism, and perhaps, also, uneasy on account of Seth Jones' perfectly audible hints and curious questionings—was minded to slip off from Nuggetville, and leave the restaurant and dependent to fare as they might? That was quite possible, for the value of the stock in trade and building was as nothing in comparison with that of the precious stones. Another night came, and poor Hugh,

woefully tired, with eyes blood-shot for want of sleep, and yet, thanks to the fascination of his watch, intensely wakeful, witnessed through his peep-hole the usual programme of the "Eldorado's" midnight entertainment—the usual programme, that is, with for once a totally different ending.

While he lay with his aching eyes fixed upon his master's bowed figure sewing as patiently and slowly as ever, he felt that sleep was about to conquer him at last. The gems still continued to dazzle; the den with his solitary inmate began to recede and grow indistinct, until somehow the scene was changed to Hugh's old home in far away England, and it was Sir Lewis Mostyn, his little-loved elder brother, who bent over the leathern bag and sewed into it the precious stones. And by-and-by there glided in a form like the wife Hugh had left behind in England, richly attired, radiant, beautiful, wearing a necklace of the largest and finest of diamonds, and carrying in her arms their child; and she took the belt from her brother-in-law's unwilling fingers, and said:

"It is all ours now, and nothing will be left to you, you hard-hearted old man that you are."

For by some means Sir Lewis had become aged and withered, and altogether the living image of Macpherson, the miser. Then, as Hugh's wife bound the belt about her body, there burst over all the scene a golden radiance, a ruddy glare, that filled the place with light, and again she spoke and said:

"Yes, it is all ours now, nothing is left to you, and Mostyn Hall is on fire, on fire, on fire!"

And the aged Sir Lewis, with trembling lips, like a faint echo repeated after her:

"On fire!" Then the ruddy glare grew fiercer, and there were heard distinct sounds as of roaring flames and crashing timbers and shouts of "fire! fire! fire!" which came nearer and nearer. And Hugh, jumping up with a cry and wide awake, saw the radiance he had dreamed of shining brilliantly through the windows of the "Eldorado," and making the black night gloriously red.

His first thought was that Macpherson had at last upset his lamp, and set the den in a blaze; but a glance through the peep-hole showed things all right in that direction, and Sadie, fully alive to the situation as far as concerned himself, noiselessly and with wonderful celerity divesting himself of his upper strata of clothing, buckling on his belt, replacing his coat and last of all, girding on his brace and seven-shooters. The roar of whirling flames, the shouts of men, and din of falling timbers grew louder, wilder, nearer, and Hugh, feeling that he ought to be doing something, fell to battering at the sanctum's bolted door, all the while he excitedly cried:

"Macpherson, awake, get up! Would you die like a dog, man? Nuggetville's on fire!"

"All right," returned the cool, self-possessed voice within. "Have yer never seen a mining city burnt up before, that yer shout and yell like an insane greaser driving mules into a corral? I guess we ain't got no kegs o' gunpowder on the restaurant, nor yer hasn't next door, neither. Tak up yer blankets and stow into them and into yer pockets as many bottles o' whisky as yer kin; and I reckon we'll make tracks right away."

So saying he issued from the den, and the two men unbarred the door and escaped.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT.

How a Strong Tilden Organ Views It.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.] We by no means give up the fight for 1880. In the history of wars and parties many a victory has been snatched from even greater reverses. The work to be done must be thorough, at once bold and unflinching. Whilst the politicians at Washington are wrangling among themselves the people at home must organize. Needless baggage must be left behind. We can afford to carry no dead weights. We must move up to the front, pledging the country:

First—The maintenance of the public credit inviolate, and an honest effort to advance the prosperity of the people without disturbing the operation of the simple forces—to which we owe the present revival—by experiments upon our fiscal system.

Second—The cleansing of all the departments of Government and the establishment of a genuine system of civil service reform in lieu of the prevailing maladministration.

Third—The restoration to the people of their stolen sovereignty, accompanied by a fair and enlightened readjustment of our elective system, making it impossible to put the Government on wheels and to run it into the several States as a machine for perpetuating the party that happens to be in power.

Fourth—A constitutional guarantee against outstanding war debts, and liabilities growing out of the war, of every description.

In our representation Mr. Tilden is as necessary to the representation and development of the spirit and details of this general plan of reform as he was in 1876. All that was promised at St. Louis was performed. Those who are now leading the war on Mr. Tilden gave the case away after the assembling of Congress. They should not be permitted again to mislead us. Mr. Tilden may get out of the way; but he can not be put out of the way. That is the long and the short of it, as we shall be prepared to show as time passes.

A Lucky Find.

The Cyrenaica gold coin, which is likely to be taken by the British Museum, was brought to Captain Goringe, United States Navy, by the Arab who found it, and who said he could not pass it. The Captain handed him a piece of twenty francs for it, and the man expressed his astonishment and gratitude by many protestations of thanks and by kissing his hand. The intrinsic value of this stater is about \$5; but, for its extreme rarity and fine condition, it is expected to bring \$1,000.

AUNT BETSEY'S INFATUATION.

How an Old Maid of Seventy-five Fell in Love with a Priest.

[Philadelphia Press.] Miss Mary C. Marx, late of New York, died at the age of 75 years, leaving a handsome estate. This she bequeathed to a young Catholic priest, who, at various times, has had various names. He is known now as the Rev. Aloysius J. D. Bradley. Her surviving sister is contesting the will, and as is usual in such cases, the weakness and the follies of the deceased are being brought to light. Bradley came from England, bringing with him proper credentials as a minister of the Anglican Church. About the year 1865 he became an assistant rector at St. Albans Church, of which the Marx sisters were members. The elder sister, although at that time 65 years of age, fell in love with the young rector. She invited him to her house, and thereafter she virtually supported him, and dying, bequeathed him all her estate.

Bradley was at that time a somewhat eccentric character. He opened a little chapel at 1285 Broadway, which he called the "Oratory of St. Sacrament." To this place Miss Marx went to live in the capacity of housekeeper, in order to be near the object of her devotion. The presiding genius of the "Oratory of St. Sacrament" moved his sacred emblems to a house on West Forty-third street, which he designated "The Orphanage," and there Miss Marx followed him. They had one orphan in the house, who was subsisted by Miss Marx for twelve months. About this time Bishop Potter began to inquire into Bradley's performances, and his license to preach was revoked. On Friday, January 10th, 1872, Miss Marx noted in her diary that Bradley had told her on the day of his intention to join the Roman Catholic Church.

Two weeks afterward Miss Marx was herself received into the Catholic Church, and five months later she and Bradley went to Europe together and remained abroad six years. She paid all the expenses of Bradley's education in an English college at Rome and in other institutions, and traveled extensively with him on the Continent. During this period her sister in New York remitted her upward of \$20,000, all of which she lavished on Bradley. He apprised Miss Marx of his ordination as a priest in this tender note:

"MY DEAREST AUNT BETSEY—Everything went off delightfully. I was sick with joy and the consolations Christ gave me. The whole congregation came up and kissed my hands. We had a champagne dinner afterward; nothing could have been nicer or more consoling."

In the spring of 1878 Miss Marx returned to New York, and on May 22d of that year made the will which is now being contested. She died on July 8th, 1878, of paralysis of the heart. To her surviving sister she bequeathed \$1,000 a year during her life, and \$4,000 to the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn and all the remainder of her estate to the "Rev. Aloysius J. D. Bradley, of Liverpool, England." Her personal property she gives to him absolutely, and he is to have the use of certain real estate during his life, and at his death it is to go to the Little Sisters of the Poor. The ground on which the will is contested is that the Rev. Aloysius J. D. Bradley exercised undue influence over Miss Marx as confessor and spiritual adviser, flattered her vanity, and encouraged her love for alcoholic stimulants. The relations of the designing young man and the infatuated old woman vividly recall the case of Dr. Schoeppe and Miss Stein-eker.

Stage Blunders.

[The Theatre.]

Macready was once victimized in "Virginius." The "Numitorius" couldn't remember his own name. "You will remember it, sir," said the tragedian, carefully pronouncing it for him, by the association of ideas. Think of Numbers, the Book of Numbers. The "Numitorius" did think of it all day, and at night produced, through "the association of ideas," the following effect:

Numitorius—Where is Virginia? Wherefore do you hold that maiden's hand?

Cladius—Who asks the question? Numitorius—If her uncle—Deuteronomy.

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Is it a disordered liver giving you a yellow skin or constive bowels, which have resulted in distressing piles, or your kidneys refuse to perform their functions? If so your system will soon be clogged with poisons. Take a few doses of Kidney-Wort and you'll feel like a new man—nature will throw off every impediment and each organ will be ready for duty.

Those who suffer from nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines health, and constitutional vigor will return.

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One of our neighbors in Dorset, almost entirely lost the use of her lower limbs by Hip Disease. When she visited her neighbors she had to be carried from carriage to house, and from house to carriage; but when I left Dorset Mrs. Chase could travel all over the neighborhood about as well as ever, for she had been taking your Compound.

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Thomas Johnson, of said township, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that he has been severely afflicted with rheumatism for above a year, and was so bad that he could scarcely walk, being bent almost double, and was utterly unable to do any work. Having heard of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, he was induced to try it, and after using it a short time, was able to go to work again, after being unable to do anything for nearly a year.

T. JOHNSON. Sworn to before me, J. H. BRINCKERHOFF, Justice of the Peace.

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Dr. Tobias—I wish to inform you that the child of a friend of mine was cured of cholera, after being given up to die by three physicians. One hour after your Venetian Liniment was used I was out of danger. I hope you will publish this so that mothers may know they have a remedy for this terrible complaint. I lost a child by cholera previous to hearing of your Liniment, but now never feel alarmed, as I have your medicine always in the house. I have also used it for pains, sore throat, etc., and always found it to cure.

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OATH.

This is to certify that I sold, on the 26th inst., three thousand one hundred and forty-one (3,141) bottles of my Venetian Liniment.

S. I. TOBIAS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 28th day

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Commissioner of Deeds.

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D. McDANIEL.

From Col. C. H. Delevan.

New York, April 20, 1877.

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